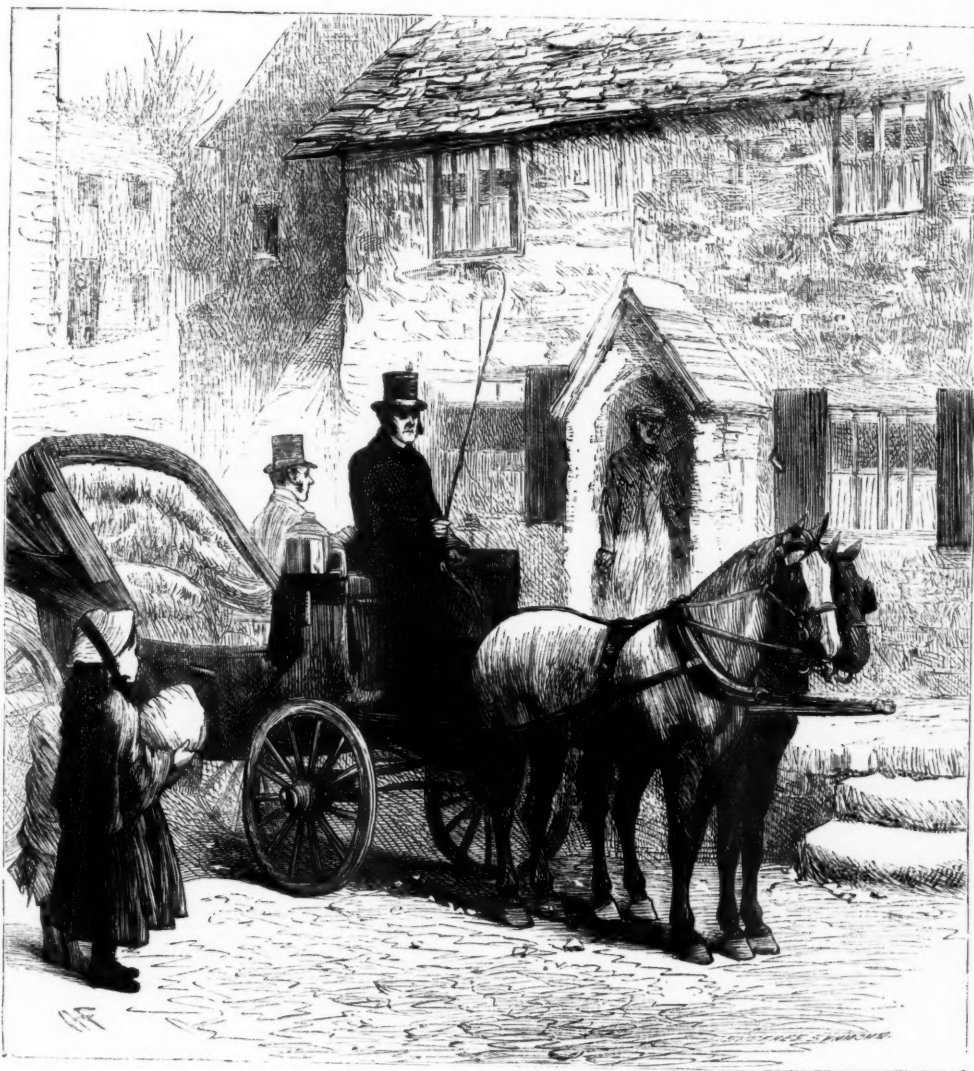


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE "AND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MR. DOONER'S CARRIAGE WAS EARLY AT THE DOOR.

IDONEA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care,
Which I have borne and yet must bear
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me.

—*Shelley.*

PERCY was right in saying that Mrs. Keene had done and was doing a good work, for it was at her own inconvenience that she kept and

tended the unfortunate invalid. But she was a woman who wished to do her duty. She did it unobtrusively, not finding it needful to quit her house to perform it, but striving, day by day, to seize such opportunities of usefulness to her fellow-creatures as presented themselves. These were numerous, and certainly no day passed that did not bring with it the privilege of doing good. Nevertheless she discriminated, and could be hard, but she greatly pitied Madame Ronda.

No. 1505.—OCTOBER 30, 1880.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"'Tis nothin' but worrit from mornen to night. All work an' no pay!"

This was Mrs. Keene's girl Mary's opinion.

The complaint had been called forth by Mrs. Gore, who was at that moment in the sick chamber. She had arrived while Mrs. Keene was busy below stairs and Mary at the top of the house, and nothing roused the servant's ire so much as being called from her work to answer the door to a visitor who "didn't pay."

"You need not come down again until I ring for you, Mary. I will manage," said Mrs. Keene.

Accordingly, Mrs. Keene watched for Mrs. Gore's departure, and had to watch for a long time. She must have been at least an hour with Madame Ronda before she descended the stairs. Mrs. Keene met her, and invited her into Neville's sitting-room. She excused herself at first upon the plea of haste, but the landlady insisted, and she complied.

Mrs. Gore was in mourning, and so closely veiled that Mrs. Keene could not distinguish her features, and as she did not remove the veil, and stood with her back to the window, she failed to see them at all.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but what do you think of Madame Ronda? Is she the person you expected?" asked Mrs. Keene.

"Yes. She is much altered. Dying, I fear," replied Mrs. Gore in a husky voice.

"And the children?" asked Mrs. Keene.

"I will take them at once, and if Madame Ronda recovers sufficiently, she will also come to me for a time."

"That is kind," said Mrs. Keene, with a sense of relief. "I hope the interview has not been too much for her?"

"I forbore saying anything that could agitate her. Have you known her long?"

"Only since she came to lodge here a few months ago."

"And you have had no clue to her history?"

"None whatever. She has not communicated it."

"Then you are a wonderful woman. Has no one helped you in supporting her all this time?"

"Yes, I have had help; but Madame Ronda is not aware of it."

"And the person or persons who have helped you, are they acquainted with her?"

"No. They are strangers drawn towards her by Christian charity."

"I don't believe in that. However, she and the children have been kept from starvation, and you have done it. You must be paid somehow, but Miss Welborn will manage that with Mr. Umfreville, as I prefer remaining in the background at present. Madame Ronda understands. Good morning."

Mrs. Keene opened the door for her, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery of the veil. Still her voice seemed familiar to her. Where had she heard it? Of what use surmising? She had heard so many voices that it was impossible to remember or separate them. She hurried up to Madame Ronda, and found her tolerably calm, but not much more communicative than before.

"It is Mrs. Gore, and she will take the children—and me also—" she said, gasping for breath. "But I have not quite made up my mind."

"She is to have the children? Under all circumstances they are to be given up to her? You mean this, madame? Poor dears! Will she be kind to them?" asked Mrs. Keene.

"Yes," replied Madame Ronda.

Mrs. Keene perceived that she was more agitated than she cared to show, so, having given her some restoratives, she left her.

In the course of the afternoon Percy called to learn the result of the interview. He was to see Miss Welborn on the morrow, but he felt an unaccountable restless anxiety to learn what had passed. However, Mrs. Keene reassured him by recounting what had passed between her and the two women.

"I suppose Miss Fairborn must be dead!" she added. "Mrs. Gore's voice seemed familiar to me, and she was so mysterious, and kept her veil so closely down, that I wondered if it could be Mr. Fairborn's sister concealing her identity from me, having once lodged in this house."

Percy started, but replied as calmly as he could,

"Years alter voices as well as faces. If Madame Ronda cares to see me to-day I will do my best to find out."

Mrs. Keene went to inquire if the patient would like a visit from him, and returned with an affirmative, saying,

"She made me draw down the blind. I think she does not like you to see so attenuated a face. There is hope if vanity return. She has slept since I saw her last, and seems more cheerful."

Percy found the invalid more composed than when he saw her last, and had less difficulty than before in drawing her into conversation. After one or two mutual remarks, she said,

"You have done much in finding Mrs. Gore. The time may come when I may ask further help."

"I do not wish to be impertinently curious," he rejoined, "but—has Mrs. Gore ever visited this house before?"

"I—I—am not in all her secrets, and must not betray those I know," she replied, with evident hesitation.

"Was she originally a North Country lady?"

"I think not. I am almost sure not. Why do you ask?"

"Because a friend of mine, many years ago, lost a sister, and fancies each mysterious lady she."

"Have you seen Mrs. Gore? Heard her speak?"

"No; but Mrs. Keene has, who once knew my friend's sister. The name of Gore also suggests a question. Is she connected with General Gore?"

"What General Gore?"

"The celebrated traveller, who has lately returned to England."

"Has he returned? I will ask her—I—I—am not at liberty to speak of her affairs."

There was a consciousness and agitation in Madame Ronda's manner that induced Percy to believe that she knew something of this General Gore, who was Sir Richard Dyke's uncle; but he did not venture to press the subject. On the contrary, he apologised for his previous questions, by saying that he found so much of happiness and misery involved in all human affairs, that he was too apt to make the business of others his own.

"We cannot be too apt in that generous profession," she murmured. "But if Mrs. Gore were your friend's sister, what would be the result?"

"She would be warmly, tenderly welcomed," he replied, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Even though she were fast, forward, wilful, disobedient, ungrateful, an unnatural daughter, an unsisterly sister?" she asked, eagerly.

"My friend's sister was not that. If erring, she was provoked to err," he returned, shading his face with his hand.

"Yet you say she would be welcomed by her brother?"

"I am sure she would be gladly welcomed. And if this lady—Mrs. Gore—your friend, should be—"

"She never was my friend."

"Still, you will perhaps tell her, that if she be the lady who, years ago, left her home in the North, and has never since returned to it, her only brother would rejoice to hear either of or from her."

"Could I see this brother? Mrs. Gore is now so circumstanced that she might not like—might not be able—but I will tell her what you say. Not that I think she is your friend's sister. If I could only see your sister, I think she could help us."

"I heard from her this morning, and she is probably coming to town soon with Mrs. Dooner and her family. My mother has consented to her going abroad with Miss Lina Dooner; but I believe Miss Charlotte is to be married first."

"Married! To whom?"

"To Sir Richard Dyke."

"That man whom I saw with your sister at the concert, and whom I took for a person I had formerly known?"

"I was not at the concert, but I understand he was there, and spoke to Idonea, who does not like him."

"She could not, if he was the man I allude to. But his name was not Dyke. How intricate life is!"

This conversation had passed so rapidly, that Percy was scarcely conscious how it had excited Madame Ronda. For a moment the light of her eyes seemed to pierce the gloom, and he perceived, as he met them, that they looked almost like the eyes of an insane person. He feared a renewal of her fever, and rose hastily.

"You are going!" she murmured. "When will you come back?"

"Soon, if you wish it; but we have talked enough to-day," he answered, kindly.

"Tell me again what I am to say to Mrs. Gore about—about—him whom you suspect to be her brother!" she cried, half-raising herself, then falling back on her bed.

"Would it not be better to let me see Mrs. Gore, for I knew the sister of my friend when we were both young?" he replied, and his voice and manner were strangely pathetic.

"I will think of it. I will tell you when you come next," she said, and burst into tears.

"May God be with you and comfort you!" he prayed, as he pressed her thin hand, and left her to her sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"It is a straightforward proposal made with the father's consent," said Mrs. Umfreville to Idonea, a few days after her interview with Neville Fairborn.

"And you must give him a straightforward answer, mother," replied Idonea. "He will not die of it. He will twirl his moustache for half-an-hour, and console himself with some one else. He

has only asked me because—because—I have discouraged him."

"We are so poor, Idonea; and Mr. Fairborn says he is quite an eligible person."

"What can Mr. Fairborn's opinion have to do with it, mother? How did you discover what he thought upon the subject?"

"I consulted him as a friend, and he replied as a gentleman. One knows where one is when one deals with a gentleman."

"I do not consider it gentlemanlike, mother, to express any opinion at all on such a subject. I wonder you could have asked him! I cannot see what Mr. Fairborn has to do with our affairs."

"He is your brother's friend, and the son of my old friend, and appears fond of your friend Lina. It was a relief to me when he called unexpectedly, and the conversation turned on the Dooners. I consider myself responsible to myself, and not to my children, for my actions."

"Certainly, mother. But I think it would have been better if Mr. Fairborn—or—or—indeed, any one else—had not heard of Duke's proposal, since I cannot accept it."

Idonea's temper and her mother's pride rose while they talked. The blood that will sometimes force tears into the eyes flushed Idonea's cheeks, and Mrs. Umfreville's haughty figure rose to its highest. Both were silent for awhile. They were sitting by the fire in the twilight, Idonea having returned home for a day or so, to discuss this important subject. She spoke first.

"Did you tell Mr. Fairborn of Mr. Duke Dooner's proposal, mother, and did he counsel me to accept it?" she asked, slowly.

"I asked Mr. Fairborn if he considered Mr. Dooner a suitable match for you, and he replied, that if you liked him sufficiently well to marry him, there could be no reason why you should not do so," replied Mrs. Umfreville, with haughty intonation.

"I do not like him sufficiently well, but pray do not confide this to Mr. Fairborn," said Idonea, with irritation. "I am much obliged to him for his advice, but am not likely to act upon it."

"Still, he said you would be considered fortunate to secure one who might marry an earl's daughter if he chose," persevered Mrs. Umfreville.

"I am much obliged to Mr. Fairborn for the interest he takes in me," returned Idonea, coldly.

There was another silence. Mrs. Umfreville had quite unintentionally misquoted Neville's words, and by omitting one here and there, had given her daughter the impression that he really advised the marriage. How often, in still more serious cases, does the change of a word, together with the absence of the feeling or intonation of the original speaker, endanger not only happiness but life. "By your words ye shall be judged," is a significant warning. At last Mrs. Umfreville uttered the thoughts that were filling her mind.

"You know, Idonea, that it is for your own sake alone that I wish you to marry; but I could not counsel your marrying beneath you. This is why I consulted Mr. Fairborn, whose opinion I value, and now, having done so, I feel that I can see you the wife of Mr. Duke Dooner without the pain of inequality. The Percys and Umfrevilles—"

"Dear mother," interrupted Idonea, almost brusquely, "you mistake our position altogether.

Mr. Duke considers that he confers a favour on us all by asking me; Mr. Dooner only consents on Lina's account, and the rest of the family would do their utmost to prevent the match were I willing to make it. In their great world we are small."

"And certainly in our small world they are not great," said Mrs. Umfreville, bitterly. "You are your own mistress in this matter, as I could never coerce my children, and I feel the littleness of my conduct even in pressing what a few years ago would have been distasteful to me. But, Idonea—"

She paused, and Idonea mentally concluded the sentence. The effort to maintain the aristocracy of birth under the democracy of fortune had been too severe even for a Percy. The patrician was approaching the plebeian through the stony road of poverty. The daughter mastered some strong emotion, rose and knelt down by her mother's side. Taking her hands, and looking up into her face, there, in the deepening twilight, she said,

"I understand it all, dearest mother. You would sacrifice even your prejudices for your children. You have already done so for me, and this is the result. But I should be the sacrifice if I were to marry Duke Dooner with my present feelings: therefore you must decline his offer with all gratitude both to him and his father for—for—their—I was going to say, condescension—but, I mean, kindness and consideration. Still, dear mother, I cannot leave Lina in her present state of health, if they will keep me on. I have promised, with your permission, to go abroad with her as soon as Miss Charlotte is married, and as Duke will not go, there is no reason that I should not keep my promise, is there, dear?"

At that last little word, tears rolled slowly down Mrs. Umfreville's face, and she bent over her child and kissed her brow.

"I scarcely know, my love, what is best, but I feel that you will never compromise yourself or me," she said.

At these words, Idonea hid her face in her mother's lap, and so concealed an emotion that must otherwise have found vent, and raised suspicions and questions that she could neither avert nor answer.

Bertram's voice in the hall broke the temporary silence that succeeded, and when he bounded into the room, with the words "I've just seen Neville Fairborn," his mother and sister strove for a calm they did not feel.

The following morning Mrs. Umfreville wrote to Duke. In spite of her poverty she felt a proud satisfaction in the refusal her letter conveyed, which was couched in terms the most polite and conciliatory that she could use.

Before the day was over a purpose messenger brought a letter from Lina, full of reproaches. She said that Duke was in his worst temper, and about to leave for London, and that, although he had made no confessions even to her, she felt convinced that he had received a decided "snub" from Idonea. The same messenger also brought a letter from Mrs. Dooner to Mrs. Umfreville, entreating her to allow her daughter to accompany them to the South of France for the remainder of the winter and the ensuing spring.

"I suppose this is what is vulgarly called 'eating humble pie,'" said Mrs. Umfreville. "We can scarcely refuse on Lina's account, and it will be an advantage for you to go abroad. I only wish they all knew that *we* had refused the son."

"I am thankful they do not, for it would disturb all our relations, and he will soon forget me," returned Idonea.

"Still, you are not as cheerful as usual," said her mother. "Are you quite sure you do not repent?"

"Quite," replied Idonea, emphatically.

It was finally arranged that she should return at once to Heronshill, and Mrs. Umfreville wrote to Mrs. Dooner accordingly, giving also a reluctant consent to her going abroad. Nothing was said between the ladies about money, but practical Idonea already knew through Lina that Mrs. Dooner would give her a hundred a year if only she would return. Modifying this, she still felt assured of a good salary, and stifled her own feelings in the hope of aiding her mother.

Mr. Dooner's carriage was at the door early the following morning, and Idonea once more left home, followed by her mother's anxious prayers, the tears of the twins, and the lamentations of her brothers.

She parried Lina's reproaches as well as she could, but the excitement consequent on another removal, a second wedding in prospect, and a first visit to the Continent, soon turned the attention of that volatile young lady from Duke to other matters. As to Idonea's own feelings, they were so varied that she failed to disentangle them. But the thread which ran most prominently and intricately through the mass was the one which connected her with Neville Fairborn. This she tried in vain to pull out; but the more she tried the more inextricably it knotted itself in. That he should have counselled her marriage with Duke not only roused her pride, but pained her; and she knew that she felt and showed an unusual and ridiculous depression, which she could not throw off.

The morning after her return to Heronshill she and Lina were engaged in looking through the cupboards in the library, for the purpose of removing from them such things as belonged to the Dooner family. These cupboards had been left by Neville in confusion, and even those which were not locked contained a variety of matters belonging to him, which had been pushed to the back of the shelves, in order to make room for the possessions of the new tenants.

"How fusty they smell!" exclaimed Lina, with a short cough, which was one of those so-called premonitory symptoms that hastened her departure from England.

"Perhaps they are damp," cried Idonea, alarmed at once; "pray do not meddle with them."

"Damp in this room, where there is always a fire to roast an ox!" laughed Lina, who was on her knees with her head in the cupboard. "What is this? Why here are china figures stowed away behind all sorts of rubbish. How lucky that mamma did not find them out! We should have had no peace until their remotest pedigree had been traced. Let us have a look at them before they are again consigned to darkness. Poor things! They look quite cheerful and grateful at sight of the sun, in spite of their dusty petticoats. Why, they are snow-white now the dust is off. Look, Idonea! this is really beautiful."

Lina held aloft a group of three white china figures, and glanced from them to Idonea, who was deep in the examination of another cupboard. Idonea looked at Lina and her white china.

"Why, it is our Graces!" she exclaimed with a start.

Scarcely had she spoken the words when a servant announced Mr. Fairborn. Fortunately for her, Lina covered her confusion by dashing at once into the subject of the china, as she laid the piece carefully on the table.

"Dare not shake hands, for I have just been doing you the favour of dusting your three ladies. How ungallant of you to hide them in a dungeon! Now don't suppose we were prying! Idonea is above that sort of thing, if I am not. We came upon them 'quite promiscuous.'"

Meanwhile Idonea rose and offered a trembling hand to Neville, who touched it coldly. Both were conscious of the extreme awkwardness of the position, and equally anxious that Lina should not be enlightened concerning the china. Neville, therefore, explained that he had come to make an inquiry at the request of a friend, which must be his excuse for calling at an unfashionable hour.

"And so stumbling upon the housemaids," said Lina. "I will fetch mamma."

"Pray let me go. You must not run about the cold passages," pleaded Idonea. But restless Lina was out of the room before her remonstrance ended.

Idonea's pride returned when left alone with Neville, but her eyes fell on the white Graces, and it sank within her. They were both strangely uncomfortable; but Idonea's frank nature overcame her reserve, and she said, pointing to the mute witnesses of Neville's generosity, "You were then the virtuoso of whom Mr. Timmins spoke so much?"

"Only the receiver of his stolen goods," replied Neville, with an effort at a smile.

"It was very, *very* good of you. But I dare not tell mother," said Idonea, her cheeks crimson, her eyes full of tears.

Neville had no words at command just then, and he looked much as if he would gladly have escaped. Idonea perceived this, and, in spite of her gratitude, rebellious thoughts of this unkind kind friend and his advice to her mother returned. But he broke in roughly on her thoughts.

"I have come to ask about Sir Richard Dyke at Madame Ronda's request. I had a letter from your brother yesterday," he said, hurriedly and nervously.

"He has not been here since the announcement of the engagement," she replied, mastering her feelings.

A rustle of a silken train in the hall was the precursor of Mrs. Dooner's appearance, and Idonea was about to leave the room.

"I would rather you remained, if you do not mind. I never can get on with Mrs. Dooner," said Neville; and Idonea, brushing off the tear and smiling naturally, sat down at a table where she had been drawing, while Mrs. Dooner and Lina entered.

SOME FRUITS OF THE EAST.

THERE is probably no fruit in the world which has been spoken of in such extravagant language of praise as the mangosteen; it has even been said to be worth a voyage to Java merely to taste it. Certainly, if you wish to taste it, you must do as Mahomet did with the mountain—you must go to the mangosteen, for the mangosteen will not come to you. It is a fruit which, I believe, never has been

imported into this country. When I was in Java, many years ago, I tried, as hundreds of other people have tried, to bring a few home. Some I simply wrapped in paper to exclude the air, and packed them in a box; others I buried in sawdust in a jar; with one or two I tried to arrest decay by hermetically sealing up the hard rind by dipping them into melted pitch. But, alas! I might as well have tried to seal up a snowball, which, by the way, the fruit itself very much resembles. The rind, in which I was not particularly interested, was preserved; but the fruit—the object for which both rind and pitch existed—was simply *not there*. Nor has any better success followed the attempt to bring home the living plant and fruit it here. I have heard it said that the late Duke of Devonshire tried to grow it at Chatsworth; but whether he succeeded even partially—or, indeed, whether there is any foundation for the story at all—is more than I know. It is tolerably certain that no fruit was produced, for the mangosteen is not obtained anywhere beyond the limit of a few degrees north or south of the Equator. Its home is amongst the beautiful coral islands of the Java Sea. It is thus essentially a tropical fruit, and very pleasant eating, but it does not deserve such extravagant praise as has been bestowed upon it. It has been the tendency of human nature ever since the days of Horace, and perhaps equally so before his time, to exaggerate the value of that which is rarely obtainable; but those who cannot undertake a voyage to Java may be satisfied to know that the mangosteen is certainly not equal to a good English peach, to which, perhaps, it bears the nearest resemblance in taste. It is one of those melting fruits which disappear in the mouth almost without any conscious act of the eater. In external appearance the mangosteen is not unlike a small pomegranate, but with a much thicker rind, and so rough an outside makes it quite a pleasurable surprise to find the fruit within of snowy whiteness. If you can conceive the coat of a thick-skinned orange to be much rougher, and brown instead of yellow, and the small fruit within to be a pure, delicate, creamysponge, which melts in the mouth, you have as accurate a description as can be given you in print—until you go to Java. The natives bring them alongside the ship, strung together in "ropes" like onions, and a youngster can easily "put away" a rope at a sitting, without much thought of the number of pounds it would fetch if the fruit could be transported to London.

Java is quite a land of curious fruits; for whilst the mangosteen surprises the stranger by the contrast between its external coarseness of appearance and its internal delicacy, there is another fruit, the durian, which has been said to "combine so offensive a smell with so delicious a flavour, that the wonder is how any one ever ventures to eat the *first* that is presented to him, or how, having once overcome the repugnance created by the smell, he can ever leave off eating so delicious a fruit." This, too, though very unlike the mangosteen in size and shape, is of somewhat similar "construction," so far as having a thick, tough—in this case, very tough—rind, enclosing a creamy pulp of delicious, though very peculiar, flavour, in which are imbedded some large seeds, about the size of horse-chestnuts.

Another creamy-pulped fruit is the custard apple, which, however, has a much wider range, and is found in many parts of the East, and also in the West Indies. We have no fruit at all resembling it in

construction; but if you can imagine a little pineapple about the size of an orange, but without any leafy top, and suppose each of the diamond-shaped intersections of the rind to be capable of being separately withdrawn, bringing with it, as the stalk of a raspberry does, a wedge of soft pulp, having very much the flavour of custard, with a black seed or small bean in each wedge, you have a fair idea of the custard apple. Having no thick rind to protect it, like the mangosteen or the durian, this is a very "tender" fruit, when quite ripe, and very difficult to handle, not only from its soft nature, but also from the several "wedges" (above spoken of) being held together by nothing but a slight glutinous adhesion, so that it has a tendency to break to pieces "all over" on the slightest pressure.

Passing farther eastward, we come to a Chinese fruit, which claims to be second only to the mangosteen in rank amongst the finest fruits in the world. This is the ly-chee, which has occasionally been imported into England in a dry form—not, apparently, as an article of regular trade, but as the private speculation of some adventurous merchant captain. I have seen them exposed for sale in London, where, by the way, they are almost invariably called ly-cheeses. In appearance the dry ly-chee is not unlike an arbutus berry, with a brown, warty, brittle shell, which breaks very easily under a moderate amount of pressure, as it has no support from the inside, in consequence of the fruit having shrunk away from the rind in drying. The eatable part consists of a sweet, tough, gummy substance clinging to a date-shaped stone. In flavour it is, in this state, very inferior to the muscatel raisin, and as the price asked for irregular introductions of this kind is out of all relation to their real value, the captain's venture does not appear to have been sufficiently successful to encourage a frequent repetition of it. But this dried sweetmeat bears no more likeness to the fresh fruit than a dried prune does to a luscious greengage. To form any opinion of its merits as a fruit, it must be picked fresh from the tree, upon which it is borne abundantly, not in bunches, like the grape, but in clusters, with separate foot-stalks. In size, shape, and texture it resembles a very large, round, white grape, slightly pointed at one end, but not so much so as in the dry state, with a tough, parchment-like skin, crossed diagonally by a net-work of fibres, dividing the surface into hexagonal cells like a sealed honeycomb. When fresh picked, the surface, though slightly rough to the touch, is not indented; but in the act of drying, these fibres contract more than the cell which they enclose, and this throws the centre of each hexagon above the surface, and produces the warty appearance of the dry fruit. Though not unlike a very firm grape, it has a delicious and very delicate flavour, which is quite its own, and would make it a decided acquisition if it could be fruited in England. There does not appear any good reason why it should not; for a plant that is hardy enough to stand the climate of Eastern China, where the frosts are frequently quite sharp, ought surely to be capable of being grown in an English fruit-house. Whatever may be the truth as to the Duke of Devonshire and the mangosteen, it is quite certain that a hundred years or so ago the then Duke of Northumberland obtained some plants of the ly-chee, and tried to grow them in his hothouses at Syon House, Isleworth, but apparently without success. Judging by the way in which the fruit grows in the open in

China—as freely as the hedgerow nut does with us—it is quite possible that it was killed with kindness, and that with a little wholesome neglect, and just so much protection as would carry it through the winter and early spring, the plant might in a few years be acclimatised in England.

The loquat, another Chinese fruit, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, a native of Japan, for its botanical name is *Eriobotrya Japonica*, or Japan Quince, might certainly be grown in England if any one cared to make the experiment, for it is quite hardy enough for a sheltered situation in Devon or Cornwall. But, except as a curiosity, it would scarcely be worth the trouble, for the fruit has no special quality to recommend it beyond an acidity, which is refreshing in a hot climate when nothing better is obtainable. It is in fact a small oval quince, borne in spikes like the horse-chestnut, the regularity and extent of the spike depending upon the weather at the time the blossom is "setting."

Of fruits that come to us in a dried or preserved form it is unnecessary to speak in detail, but there are probably thousands of readers of the "Leisure Hour" who have never ventured upon Chinese cumquats, small oranges, or, rather, citrons preserved in syrup, which are now obtainable at most of the large grocers' shops. They are delicious for dessert, and quite as economical as other fruits, for a 6lb. jar, costing usually 5s. 6d., goes a long way.

Although the cocoa-nut in its ripe state is so familiar to us, we may certainly mention among the "fruits of the East" the green cocoa-nut. Every one knows that the hard nut, the joy of a boy's heart, has in its natural state a very thick coat of tough fibre, used in the manufacture of mats, cordage, etc. Now, whilst this outer casing is quite green, and before the inner nut has begun to form a shell, the top may be sliced off and a good half-pint or more of slightly milky water, with a delicious nutty flavour, is obtained, which is one of the pleasantest of drinks in a hot climate, especially in the freshness of the early morning, when the liquid is agreeably cool. This water being that which would have consolidated in the ripening process into the flesh of the nut, there is nothing now to be obtained from the shell. The cocoa-nut palm is not only a striking object of Indian scenery, with its slender column rising from 60 to 80 feet or more, without a single branch or leaf, but—to say nothing here of the numerous uses to which some part of the tree is applied—there is no tree or plant that exceeds it in the amount of food that it yields to the native population except the banana or plantain, which greatly surpasses it in productiveness.

The plantain is one of the most important of the "fruits of the East," though not confined to the East exclusively. It grows as abundantly in the West Indies and in the more southerly of the United States, but as it is essentially a tropical fruit, it may well be described here. The plantain and the banana are frequently spoken of as if the former were only a fine banana or the latter a small plantain; but they are not the same plant, though both belong to the class *Musa*, the one being *Musa Paradisiaca*—it being supposed, according to an old notion, to be the forbidden fruit of Paradise—and the other *Musa Sapientium*. The larger fruit is, as one would expect, the coarser of the two, but neither of them have much to boast of in the way of flavour as a fruit; it is as an article of nutritious food and for

SOME FRUITS OF THE EAST.

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their astonishingly prolific yield that they are so valuable. The growth, at least until the head is formed, is similar to that of our globe artichoke. There is a very large fleshy root, which is constantly sending up suckers, which are taken off to form new plants. They are of very succulent growth, having a stem eight or ten inches thick, and running to a height of from fifteen to twenty feet. It is formed by layers of immense leaves, one within the other, in the centre of which in due time the fruit-stalk appears. The head has at first the appearance of a "cob" of Indian corn, but it soon develops into a huge bunch, which, when fully grown, will weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. The plants when first planted are set ten feet apart; each, therefore, occupies a square of 100 ft., and there would be 436 plants to the acre. From each plant in its third year there would come

ten or twelve fruit-bearing stems. Taking the average yield of each stem at 56 lb., we should have a yield of from 110 to 130 tons to the acre! The heaviest root crop we have is the mangold-wurzel, which, under very special circumstances, has exceeded eighty tons to the acre, but the average crop barely reaches half that amount. In the "Leisure Hour" for November 1st, 1879, we spoke of the profits of fruit-growing, and gave an instance of £333 per acre being realised by Mr. Webb, of Calcot, near Reading. An acre of bananas has produced £600 in a single year!

There are many other fruits which should be spoken of, *e.g.*, the mango, the guava, the pomelo or shaddock, a kind of overgrown orange, etc., etc., but our space is limited, and they do not possess any very striking features.

MADAME DE STAËL.

THE *ancien Régime* has nearly done its work. The old French monarchy is already tottering, and the true seat of power is no longer the throne-room at Versailles, but the office of the Comptroller-General of Finances. M. Necker reigns supreme. Let us try and picture to ourselves his *salon* on a Thursday evening, the day appointed for his famed receptions. Politicians and *littérateurs* crowd the apartments; conversation assumes the tone of a discussion, the merits of a new work are freely canvassed; but it is evident that State difficulties are uppermost in every one's mind, and both the vehemence of the speakers and the nature of the subjects treated might almost make us believe that we were in the midst of a parliamentary assembly. Whilst Parry dreams in silence of some madrigal, and Sièyes, his head full of plans of constitutions and of legislative reforms, gathers here and there fresh facts and ideas, which he intends to work out at leisure, a new-fledged poet may be seen offering to Necker his last composition, or a deputy of the *Tiers-état* discussing with him the details of the next sitting. Popular as the comptroller-general is, it seems quite evident that the attraction is divided between the drawing-room where he receives his guests and a certain private *boudoir*, in the recess of which his gifted daughter, Madame de Staël, is the centre of an admiring group of *littérateurs* and *beaux esprits*. The Abbé Delille, carried away by his devotedness to the Muses, forgets that the spirit of reform, already active, is about to deprive him of his benefices. The Duchess de Lauzun, that most enthusiastic of Necker-worshippers, is also there in attendance. We see, likewise, the poet Lemierre, whose reputation rests upon one single Alexandrine, and who gives as an apology for his silence that any one who wishes to see a tragedy need only step out of doors; besides the Duke de Nivernais, that hero of *bouts-rimés* and of pretty *vers de société*. The evening thus flows on agreeably and merrily, till a late hour, when the servants disappear; and then, amidst general silence, some one of the leading orators of the *Assemblée Nationale* rehearses, so to say, before a select circle the telling speech which he is to deliver the next day.

Madame de Staël was twenty-four years old when the scene we picture is supposed to have taken place. Born in 1766, she had married in 1786 the Swedish

ambassador to the court of France, and she had already created the most extraordinary sensation in Parisian society by her brilliant conversational powers, her wit, and her gifts as an authoress. Her name has still its fascination, and her history will always have its interest as linking the days of the old French monarchy with those of the new era. It is not our purpose here to write a formal, detailed biography of the accomplished and fascinating *Corinne*, but merely to illustrate by a few anecdotes the leading features in her character.

The precocity of her talents must have been indeed remarkable, if we can credit the following amusing sketch from the pen of Madame Rilliet, then Mdlle. Huber, who became acquainted with Mdlle. Necker about the year 1777, and who ever after remained one of her intimate friends.

"She spoke to me with a warmth and an ease which might already be called eloquence, and which produced upon me the greatest impression. . . . We did not play like children; she asked me immediately what my lessons were, if I knew any foreign language, if I often went to the theatre. Having told her that I had only been there two or three times, she expressed her astonishment, saying that we should often go together; and on return, added she, we shall write down the subject of the play we have seen, and the passages which have struck us most. That is my habit. . . . Besides we shall write to one another every morning.

" . . . We entered the drawing-room. By the side of Madame Necker's arm-chair was a small wooden stool for her daughter, who was obliged to sit bolt upright. Scarcely had she taken her place, when three or four old gentlemen approached her, and addressed her with words of the liveliest sympathy. One of them, who had a little round wig, took her hands in his, pressed them for a long time, and began conversing with her as if she had been twenty-five years of age. That man was the Abbé Raynal; the others were MM. Thomas, Marmontel, the Marquis de Pesay, and the Baron de Grimm.

"The company sat down to table. How Mdlle. Necker *did* listen! Although she never opened her lips, it seemed as if she spoke, such was the expression of her animated features. Her eyes followed the looks and the gesticulations of those who carried

on the conversation; she seemed as if she met their ideas half-way. She was *au fait* of everything, even of political subjects, which at that time already formed the staple topic of discourse.

"After dinner a large number of visitors came. . . Each one, as he approached Madame Necker, had a word to say to her daughter—a compliment or a witticism. . . She answered all with ease and with grace; people seemed to delight in provoking, in puzzling her, in exciting that young imagination which displayed already so much brilliancy. The men the most eminent for their wit were those who particularly endeavoured to draw her out. They asked her to give an account of her reading, recommended to her new books, and imparted to her a taste for study in conversing with her both of what she knew and of what she did not know."

The exciting circumstances amidst which Madame de Staël's life were cast served only to bring out the most genuine and attractive features of her character. She had begun as an enthusiastic admirer of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and it required all the saturnalia of the Reign of Terror to make her see that the doctrines expounded in the "Contrat Social," when rigorously applied, as they were by Robespierre and his adherents, instead of introducing liberty, merely altered the conditions of despotism. The victims appointed for the guillotine by the Jacobin rulers of France were the greatest, the noblest, the best. Amongst them Madame de Staël numbered many friends, and her only occupation, her only thought, was how to save from the scaffold those whom she loved. "All her faculties," says one of her biographers, "were absorbed by the desire of rescuing victims; for when she had once given refuge to an unfortunate person marked for destruction, she thought she had done nothing if she did not save *all* his relations." One anecdote will suffice to illustrate this quotation.

It was in September, 1792; the territory of the Republic was threatened by the allied forces, Longwy and Verdun had been taken, and the Revolutionary Government seemed doomed. Driven to the extremities of frenzy, the members of the Committee of Public Safety determined upon putting to death all the residents in Paris who were suspected of royalism, and thus getting rid of those whom they thought to be intriguing with the Prussians for the destruction of the Republic. This was the very occasion for Madame de Staël to display her indefatigable energy on behalf of the victims, and through the influence of friends whom she numbered amongst the Republicans, she managed to save from certain destruction MM. de Narbonne, de Montmorency, de Jaucourt, and others. One remained—M. de Montesquieu. She determined upon taking him with her to Switzerland as if he was one of her servants, and this fresh act of generosity nearly caused her death. Arrested by the mob, when she was leaving Paris, she found herself obliged to alight from her carriage, and dragged up the steps of the Hôtel de Ville into the very presence of Robespierre and Billaud-Varennes. Stepping with difficulty in the midst of a forest of pikes and muskets, unwell and overcome with fatigue, she nearly stumbled, and if she had been unfortunate enough to lose her footing, she would have been immediately massacred, like the Princess de Lamballe. After six hours' anxiety, however, and with the shrieks of the prisoners slaughtered at the Abbaye ringing in her ears, she

managed to obtain the necessary permission to quit France, and she had the unspeakable happiness of knowing that M. de Montesquieu was in safety.

The Government which, under the name of the Directoire, succeeded to the National Convention was so unprincipled and so corrupt that it evidently could not last. The new rulers of France tried to establish their authority by what they deemed an act of rigour, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th of Fructidor was struck, which brought about the banishment, the transportation, and even the death of some of the most distinguished citizens. Madame de Staël, who had obtained permission to return to Paris, immediately exerted herself on behalf of these fresh victims of political animosity, and her acquaintance with Chénier produced a cancelling of the sentence passed upon the venerable Dupont de Nemours, "the most chivalrous champion whom liberty ever had in France." Her active interference with General Lemoine, who then commanded the garrison of Paris, saved from death M. Norvins de Monbreton, a man equally innocent and incapable of conspiring against the government of his country, how much opposed soever he might be to it as a matter of principle.

One of Madame de Staël's weaknesses, as some people would, perhaps, say, consisted in seeing the bright side of everything, and so overlooking the faults, defects, and foibles of the persons with whom she was acquainted, in order to admire only their good qualities. She had friends among all parties, even amongst the members of the Buonaparte family. Although she had very few reasons to sympathise with the king or with Marie Antoinette, she did her best, first, to organise a scheme for her escape beyond the French frontier, and, secondly, to save the unfortunate queen from the guillotine. If the judges had been accessible to the voice of eloquence and of reason, the "Réflexions sur le procès de la Reine" would have certainly made them relent.

It was quite evident from the very first, that between so liberal minded a person as Corinne and Napoleon there could be no possible bond of union. He called her a "college pedant, heavy and stiff;" she retorted, rather imprudently, perhaps, by nick-naming him a "Robespierre on horseback;" and yet in the account she gives of her introduction to the Corsican general, we see that she was originally disposed to admire a man who "was remarkable for his character and his mind as much as for his victories. There reigned," she adds, "in his style a tone of moderation and of dignity, which formed a strong contrast with the revolutionary bitterness of the civil rulers of France. . . But when I had recovered a little from the trouble caused by admiration, a very definite feeling of dread succeeded it. . . Nothing could overcome my invincible repulsion for what I discovered in him; his soul seemed to me like a cold and sharp sword, which froze whilst it wounded. He despised the nation whose suffrages he desired, and no spark of enthusiasm was mixed with his anxiety to astonish the human race."

One of the most distinguished elements in Madame de Staël's mental nature was her fondness for Paris society and her dread of exile. She was essentially fitted for company; a *salon* was her vantage-ground, and she could not imagine life except in the midst of her friends, and surrounded by all the enjoyments of intellectual power. The grand scenes which nature presents in Switzerland could not make her forget

the letters of the nineteenth century, and the "gutter in the Rue du Bac" pleased her more than the Rhone or the lake of Geneva. What, then, must her feelings have been when she found out that she had unconsciously brought about the disgrace of her best friends, M. de Montmorency and Madame Récamier? "I am the Orestes of exile," she bitterly exclaimed; "fatality follows me."

Napoleon knew very well what was the vulnerable point in Madame de Staël's soul; and with the most savage cruelty he delighted in annoying her whom he considered as his bitterest enemy. He could not

He gave to one of the aides-de-camp the letter in which he requested the favour of an audience, and he soon found himself in the presence of the monarch, who was hurrying over his breakfast. 'Where do you come from?' 'From Vienna, sire.' 'Where is your mother?' 'At Vienna, or on the point of arriving there.' 'She is well there; she must be satisfied; she will be able to learn German. Your mother is not wicked; she is a woman of wit, of much wit, but she is not accustomed to any kind of subordination.' The young man persisted in asking for his mother the authorisation of coming to Paris. He expressed him-



MADAME DE STAËL.

very well prevent her from visiting her friends at Coppet, and from having there a kind of miniature *salon*; but she was not allowed to step beyond a radius of two miles from her residence. As for the permission of living in Paris, that was what he absolutely determined not to grant. There is an interesting account of an attempt once made by her second son Albert to soften the wrath of the Emperor. It was certainly a bold one, and only an inexperienced, high-spirited youth of seventeen would have ventured upon it.

"The Emperor Napoleon having to cross Savoy (1808), the young De Staël had the idea of going to wait for him at Chambéry. After a few hours' expectation, he saw at last the Imperial *cortège* arrive.

self with much energy. 'Your mother,' answered the Emperor, 'would not have been six months in Paris without placing me in the necessity of shutting her up at Bicêtre,* or in the Temple.† I should be sorry for it, because it would create a sensation, and injure me a little in public opinion. So mind you tell your mother that as long as I live she *shall not* return to Paris.' New and urgent entreaties on the part of M. de Staël. 'You are very young,' said Napoleon; 'if you had my age, you would judge things more soberly; but I like to hear a son pleading his mother's cause. You had a difficult mission to perform, and you have discharged it with spirit. I

* A lunatic asylum.

† The place where the royal family of France had been imprisoned.

am very glad to have had a chat with you, but you shall obtain nothing."

Madame de Staël could no longer entertain any illusions as to the fate that was in store for her. Persecutions of the most galling kind, mean and petty annoyances, a *surveillance* which was never discontinued, such were the unworthy extremities resorted to by Napoleon in the hope of taming a spirit and crushing a genius which not even his own will could subdue. We shall not once again tell the story of the destruction of the work on Germany, nor relate the famous anecdote about the Duke de Rovigo. A prisoner in her own mansion at Coppet, Madame de Staël's only aspiration now was for removal to a spot where she might be beyond the power of the imperial notice—Austria, Russia, Sweden, or England. "But why should so gifted a person," said one day the Prefect of Geneva, "persist in courting misfortune? Notwithstanding all her previous acts of rebellion against the master of the world, she might probably obtain her pardon if she would only celebrate the birth of the little King of Rome." "What can I say?" she answered. "Well, I wish they may find a good nurse for him." "Nonsense, madame," replied the Prefect; "you think I am joking; but I assure you that if you will merely write a few pages, showing your esteem for the Emperor, M. Necker's claims on the treasury will be imme-

diately satisfied." "I was aware," was the retort, "that to receive a pension one needed a certificate of identity, but I did not know that a declaration of love was necessary likewise."

It would be easy to multiply anecdotes illustrating the many sides of Madame de Staël's character. Respecting the influence she exercised on the French literature of the present century, we may briefly say that it was of a threefold nature. First, she enlarged the code of aesthetics which had flourished amongst her fellow-countrymen since the days of Boileau; second, she struck a fatal blow at the materialism of Diderot, d'Holbach, Condillac, and their adherents; third, she leavened with the love of freedom a generation crushed down by despotism, representing liberty as the great condition of morality and true religion. She had always been firmly attached to the truths of Christianity. One day, when questions of an abstruse metaphysical character were being discussed in her presence, she simply said, "I prefer the Lord's Prayer to all this." After a long and painful illness, Madame de Staël breathed her last on the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, July 14, 1817.

GUSTAVE MASSON.

* M. Necker had advanced to the French Government the sum of two million francs, which was repaid duly in 1816.

ANTS.

"A LITTLE PEOPLE," BUT "EXCEEDING WISE."

BY THE REV. W. FARREN WHITE, M.A., VICAR OF STONEHOUSE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

X.

THE SLAVE-MAKING INSTINCT. MR. F. SMITH'S OBSERVATIONS.

THE first who in England witnessed the slave-making instinct in active exercise was my late friend Mr. Frederick Smith. In a letter already referred to, dated March 7, 1878, he gave the following information about the species in answer to my inquiries as to his knowledge of its habitat: "I have found *F. sanguinea* in four localities—Blackwater, Hants, Weybridge, Chobham Heath, and Shirley Common, all on the Bagshot sands." It was at Blackwater where he witnessed a slave-making expedition. "It was," he says, in a manuscript generously placed by him at my disposal, "in the summer of 1843 I discovered a colony of this slave-making ant, and very closely I watched it in the hope of witnessing what others had described; not that I doubted the truth of such relations, but it almost seemed necessary that I should myself be a witness of such a fact before I could attribute to these creatures such an extraordinary and odious instinct. Three successive years passed without any satisfactory result. In the nests I found plenty of slaves, or, at least, plenty of a very different species to the *F. sanguinea*, all being black and smaller. One morning, on passing the nest, swarms of ants were spread over the bank in which the nest was situated. The larger ants, the soldiers, were very active, and constantly assuming the most threatening attitudes, standing erect, occasionally springing on up on their hinder feet, and snapping their jaws with great ferocity. The sun burst out, and the whole host rapidly retreated to their subter-

anean abode. Again, in the evening, I visited the spot, and to my delight I found the army again in battle array. Numbers of the largest ants at length separated from the rest, and formed the advanced guard or van, and the whole body was in motion. At a distance of about twenty yards was a nest of *Formica fusca*. This was the object of their attack. Without the slightest pause, the advanced warriors boldly entered the nest, and in poured swarms after them. After a few moments had elapsed numbers issued forth, each carrying their slaves in their jaws. Occasionally, a number of black ants rushed out of the nest and gallantly attacked their invaders, but they were quickly overcome, and carried off to the nest of the victors. Frequently, however, they were torn limb from limb, in which case their mangled bodies were borne off, no doubt as food, to the nest. In plundering a nest, although numbers of ants are carried off, by far the greater number convey the pupæ, or young brood, of the black ants, and I have some suspicion that it is these which, being born in the nest, become slaves from birth."

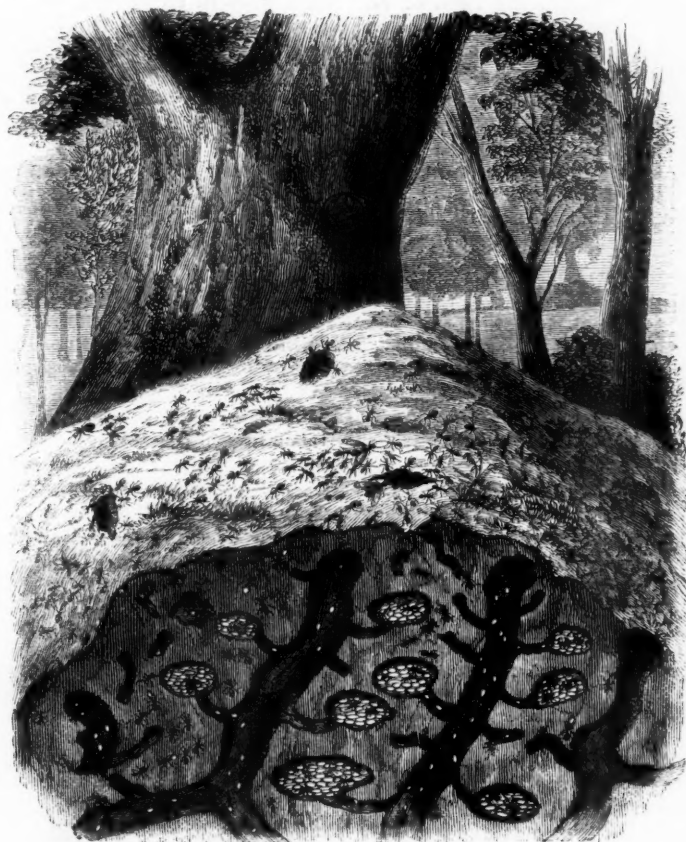
This suspicion is undoubtedly correct. While watching the triumphant procession of *F. sanguinea* returning from the successful marauding expedition, I did not observe a single black worker being borne along. The spoils of conquest consisted almost entirely of pupæ, a small proportion being larvæ.

DARWIN'S OBSERVATIONS.

Charles Darwin was the second naturalist who observed in England the slave-making instinct of

sanguinea in active exercise. Charles Darwin is a most accurate observer, and has rendered brilliant services to science by the diligent accumulation of facts in the domain of zoological research, but while we welcome his facts we are forced to repudiate his theory of the origin of species since it is not borne out by the result of scientific inquiry. For its establishment it demands transitional forms of life when none have been proved to exist in the historical era, and when no trace of their existence has been found in the stony records of prehistoric or geological epochs.

mentions how he dug up a small parcel of the pupæ of *F. fusca* from another nest and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat. These were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that, after all, they had been victorious in the late combat. "One evening," he says, "I visited another community of *F. sanguinea*, and found a number of these ants returning home and entering their nests, carrying the dead bodies of *F. fusca*—showing that it was not a migration—and numerous pupæ. I traced a long file of ants burthened with booty, for about forty yards, to a



SECTION OF NEST OF FORMICA RUGA.

From a Drawing of the late Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum.

He has recorded how, during the months of June and July, on three successive years, he had watched many hours several nests of *F. sanguinea* in Surrey and Sussex, and in the year on which he wrote his narrative he witnessed a migration from one nest to another, the masters carrying instead of being carried by their slaves, as is the case with *P. rufescens*. Another day he watched about a score of the slave-makers haunting the same spot. They approached, and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slaves (*F. fusca*), sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant, but were prevented from getting any pupæ to rear as slaves. He then

very thick clump of heath, whence I saw the last individual of *F. sanguinea* emerge, carrying a pupa. But I was not able to find the desolated nest in the thick heath. The nest, however, must have been close at hand, for two or three individuals of *F. fusca* were rushing about in the greatest agitation, and one was perched motionless, with its own pupa in its mouth, on the top of a spray of heath, an image of despair over its ravaged home."

THE THIRD EYE-WITNESS OF A SLAVE-MAKING EXPEDITION.

The wonderful instinct of *F. sanguinea* witnessed by Messrs. F. Smith and C. Darwin has been observed in England in active exercise only, I believe, by one other student of God's marvellous works, viz.,

the humble member of the Entomological Society who is now placing on record a short account of his happy experience of the ways and doings of the little people, but exceeding wise.

Mr. Rothney, who discovered so many species of ants in *sanguinea* nests at Shirley, has not witnessed the manifestations of its slave-making instinct. In his letter dated 9th March, 1879, he writes: "I am glad to hear you were fortunate in finding *sanguinea* in a slave-making expedition, and I should much like to read your account of it. I must say that, after spending hours per week for even four years, and never seeing any sign of such military expeditions, although I knew and visited the nests of all the *fuscas* on the heath, I began to feel sceptical on the subject, and fancied that either these expeditions required French or German eyes to see, or were a matter of pure romance, and that *fusca* took up its quarters in the nest of *sanguinea* from a love of mixing in good society, viz., that they were a little better than toadies, and were glad to do the dirty work to be seen in the company of the great. There is one point I particularly noticed in my rounds of the nests, and that was, that *F. fusca* seems at home as a quiet, easy-going ant, with a strongly-developed sense that discretion is the better part of valour. But the *fusca* found in the nest of *sanguinea* is a very different sort of fellow, and the bravest of the brave; *sanguinea* is bold, but the retainer, *fusca*, is bolder. Is this not strikingly like native troops and English officers; the black require the lead of the white or red."

OTHER SLAVE-MAKING ANTS.

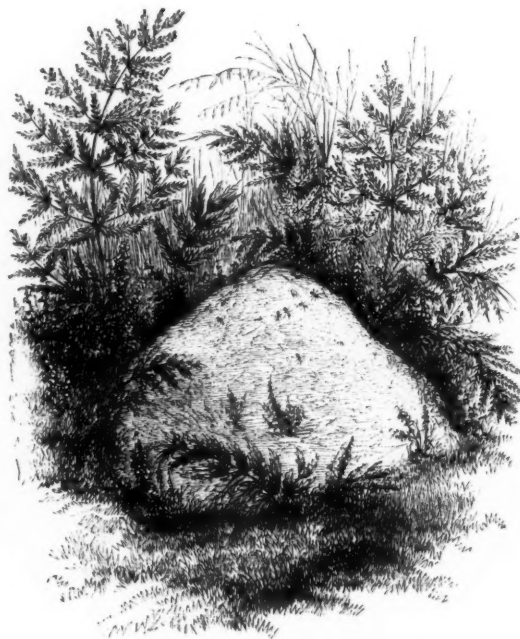
On the 11th of March, 1878, I heard from Sir John Lubbock, and it appears that he has not witnessed *F. sanguinea* in its native haunts conducting a slave-making expedition. He says, however, "I have had a nest of *Polyergus* a long time, and having put a colony of *F. fusca* near it, they made an expedition and carried off the pupæ." He adds, "I have never found it on the Continent. *F. sanguinea* and *P. rufescens* feed well on honey. I also occasionally give them meat." I should mention that, in addition to *P. rufescens* and *F. sanguinea*, Sir John Lubbock has recorded two other species of ants as slave-makers. *Strongylognathus testaceus* is so weak that it is an unsolved problem how it contrives to make slaves. Mr. Smith says, in the letter referred to in the last paper, "I had not heard of its having been discovered to be a slave-making ant. What species can so minute a creature carry off? *Anergates atratulus* is unknown to me." This is the fourth species mentioned as a slave-maker by Sir John, and, strange to say, in its *formicarium* the workers are absent, the males and females living in nests with workers belonging to another ant, *Tetramonica cespitum*. I should mention that neither of the two last-named slave-makers are found in Britain. *Tetramonica cespitum* is not an uncommon species with us, the seaside being its usual place of resort. I have found it in the Isle of Wight, at Bournemouth, and at Lynmouth and Southend. It has been discovered far from the sea, viz., at Shirley and Plumstead Wood, and I have found for it a new locality in the immediate vicinity of London, viz., on Hampstead Heath.

Mr. Smith, in the course of his correspondence with me, has mentioned yet another species which is a slave-maker. He writes: "In the sixth volume of the 'Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnæan

Society,' I published descriptions of species of ants from the Holy Land; amongst them was *Cataglyphis viatica*, a slave-making ant." A copious extract from the "Proceedings" accompanied his communication. I may say thus much, that the slave in this case is the interesting harvesting species, *Aphenogaster barbara*, specimens of which I have in my possession through the kindness of Sir John Lubbock. Before I bring my remarks on this interesting branch of the history of the little people to a close, I would surmise that though we cannot exactly sympathise with the *sanguinea* in their kidnapping proclivities, yet we are forced to commend their wisdom in taking off their slaves when in an unconscious state, their diligence in educating them, their kindness to them at all times, as evidenced by the affection of the slaves towards their masters, for though possessing ample opportunities to escape, being at perfect liberty to go in and out of the common home, according to their pleasure, they yet never attempt to run away. In fact, from personal observation, I can confidently assert, without fear of contradiction, that the masters treat their auxiliaries as Seneca tells one of his correspondents that he should treat his slaves, not like beasts of burden, but as humble friends.

THEIR HOUSES.

Let us now notice the construction of the houses of the little people. The extraordinary variety in their architectural designs must necessarily constrain us to



Nest of *Formica exsecta*, Boscombe, near Bournemouth.

be brief in describing each. I have mentioned that the young folks of the ant colony are weavers, and the labourers careful nurses. Among the latter we find miners, masons, bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, wood-carvers, thatchers, and tent-makers, and some there are who combine the profession of civil engineer with that of architect.

My reader is doubtless familiar with the habitations of the common yellow ant, *Formica flava*, which

are frequently found adorning—some would say disfiguring—the surface of meadows and commons and slopes of railway cuttings and embankments. Generally they look like grassy mounds; in form they are as a rule conical, but sometimes, like the old Irish round towers, cut down and protected with a semi-spherical roof. They vary in height, being sometimes less and sometimes more than a foot. They are so constructed as to ensure perfect drainage. Innumerable chambers and passages are formed within the dome and beneath it. The dome increases in height and circumference as the colony multiplies, the growing population requiring additional accommodation. The waste material caused by the enlarged chambers is thrown upon the surface by the provident labourers, and while adding to the height of their dwelling, gives greater protection from the variable climate. At the same time they take good care that the symmetry of the building is not destroyed.

Having placed the habitations of this little people in glass vases of different sizes, and created artificial darkness by covering the transparent surface of their prison-house, either with green baize or brown paper, which answers equally as well, and so leading them to believe their dwelling to be underground, I have oftentimes induced indefatigable labourers to work against the glass with vigour and animation. As to the many thousands of bricks they prepare with their tiny saws and feet, the many labyrinths of chambers and corridors they construct in their densely-peopled houses, all leading into each other, like the halls and galleries of some lordly castle, all fashioned with accurate precision, of differing dimensions, yet of uniform symmetrical proportions, and the many bricks of their numerous vaulted galleries and departments supporting each other effectually on the scientific principle which keeps the arch in true position, no words of mine can give any adequate description. The reader must see their handiwork in order rightly to appreciate how, in the construction of their dwellings, the little people are exceeding wise. It is said that they sometimes utilise mole-hills for the purpose of constructing their houses. This may very possibly be the case. The only instance I have met with of an ant colony taking possession of a mole-hill was this year, when I found one side of a mole-hill occupied by *M. levinodis* in strong force. As before stated, *M. scabrinodis* sometimes shares the grassy mounds above referred to with *F. flava*, and fashions its less numerous chambers and galleries upon a similar plan. In hilly districts, where many flat stones are lying scattered over the undulating ground, *F. flava* oftentimes dispenses with the usual mound or town, and utilises the stones for comfort and protection. Such I find to be the case on the sunny slopes of the Cotswolds, not only with *F. flava*, but with many other species of *Formica* and *Myrmica* before enumerated. *F. cunicularia*, a true miner, takes advantage of such a shelter, as also *F. nigra* and *F. aliena*. *F. nigra* is most common in gardens at the side of gravel paths, the entrance to its burrows being at once discovered by the little heaps of refuse earth which it casts up from its subterranean chambers. *M. levinodis*, which I have also found under stones, throws up usually among the growing grass masonry of an ovate form.

The *F. aliena*, which is both a miner and a mason, I have found occupying a mound at Bourne-

mouth; when in the open sand it, however, forms circular entrances to its subterranean domicile, which is sometimes funnel-shaped, the rim of the funnel being formed of masonry cast up with its waste building material which it thus utilises. This I have noticed to be the case more especially in Suffolk. *F. umbrata*, for the greater part of the year, lives underground, but when swarming in the autumn it appears in large numbers on the surface, issuing from its subterranean chambers by innumerable entrances, which it at that season arranges in the soil, throwing up a perfect fretwork of masonry, which I have before alluded to when describing the habits and work of the species in my artificial formicarium. The workers, however, sometimes issue forth at night earlier in the season. Last year I found in a net, with which my little boy had in the dusk captured moths from the Vicarage shrubbery, several specimens of this species closely allied to *F. flava*. They were possibly foraging for the benefit of the home party; perhaps gathering honey-dew or searching after aphides. This ant is well named *umbrata*, when we take note of its love of retirement and shade. One other ant is, perhaps, a greater lover of darkness and privacy—the *M. fugax*, the smallest British species—which prefers trodden pathways to burrow in, and I believe has never been seen above ground in England. It has been discovered only at Southend and Deal. We have already incidentally mentioned that *F. sanguinea*, with the assistance of its auxiliary, *F. fusca*, constructs its residence around the stumps of the golden gorse. Its chambers are fashioned with much skill out of the friable soil of the Bagshot sands, though bits of stick and chips of fern-root are introduced and worked in according to the discretion of the little builders.

When in the crown woods, Eltham, in the course of my Blackheath ramble, I chanced to strike my foot against a stump of quaint and rugged twist. It split, and I found myself for the first time in presence of a colony of negro ants, their dusky skins brought out into bold relief by a fine skirt of brassy silk upon their loins. I captured two queens and numbers of their sable subjects. These negroes are really miners, but they had taken up their winter quarters in the stump. It may be that this power of adapting itself to circumstances, which is, as we shall see, possessed by many other species of the little people, may be enjoyed by *F. sanguinea*, or it may be that the versatility of the negro's architectural genius may have been introduced into the master's home by the black dependent, and there have manifested itself to the common advantage; since in the mixed ant-hill I have found the central gorse stump channelled and tenanted by the two species, some of the chambers being set apart as nurseries.

THE HABITATIONS OF THE WOOD-ANT.

The *F. rufa*, so closely allied to *F. sanguinea*, I have discovered more than once occupying a stump of an old tree, and heaping up its singularly-constructed nest both above it and around it, for though the conical nest looks like a small hillock formed of bits of stick and pine-needles, it is built upon a well-conceived plan, and executed with undoubted architectural skill. The conical structure is arranged as a rule not around a stump but on the open ground in the shades of pine woods or in their neighbourhood, and covers a space of considerable extent. I have found them full forty feet in circumference. The

ground beneath the dome, as is also the dome itself, about two feet in height, is wrought into chambers and connecting passages, amply sufficient to accommodate the many thousands of its inhabitants. The entrances to the marvellously-constructed domicile are as a rule in the well-thatched dome, for never was hay-stack or corn-rick thatched with more consummate art than is the nest of the wood-ant; and what is most worthy of notice about these entrances is that as the shadows lengthen and the twilight intervenes, they are closed by the intelligent little people, and so closed that while they secure protection the air is not excluded. The shutters and doors are formed of lattice-work, the labourers crossing and recrossing little sticks until free ingress and egress is completely barred. I have watched the inhabitants of a palatial residence of *F. rufa* in the valley of East Lynn thus putting up their shutters and closing their doors at eventide as the sun was hastening to its setting, and its departing golden glory was reflected in the running stream which made pleasant music on its journey to the sea.

The two other British species of wood-ant before referred to, whose names are *F. congenerens* and *F. exsecta*, I have found at Bournemouth. The former is the common wood-ant of that unique watering-place, and constructs its nest on the same plan and architectural principles as *F. rufa*, which has not yet been found in the neighbourhood. A very large nest I discovered on a sloping bank of fern, and heather, and gorse, on the margin of the running stream which gives the name to this charming retreat on the southern coast. A careful measurement gave the depth at the crown of the nest twelve inches, and eighteen inches down the slope of the bank seven inches across the nest; from the upper part to the base on the declivity seventy-two inches; and a foot from the crown, fifty-three inches across. The circumference measured eighteen feet and four inches. There were seven entrances through the cleverly-arranged thatch, and as my wife sketched the nest, we watched the busy workers arranging the trellis at the entrances with narrow sticks and the long pine-needles of the Scotch fir for doors and shutters. This species is very difficult to distinguish from the common *rufa*. It is more pubescent, and the abdomen of the male and female is not so shining as is that of the more familiar species. Besides Bournemouth, it has been met with at Loch Rannoch, in Perthshire. The third wood-ant, *F. exsecta*, seems to belong almost exclusively to Bournemouth and its neighbourhood, having been discovered also at Poole and on the outskirts of the New Forest, near Ringwood, by myself, on the heathy carpet of the neighbouring woods, its interesting nest rising up gracefully from the heather. The thatched dome is very much smaller than that of the two other species, and formed of little bits of grass, fern frond, and ling.

I discovered a little nest at Boscombe, near Bournemouth, the dome of which was charmingly situated among the heath and the bracken, and measured in circumference thirty-two inches, and in height only three inches. *F. exsecta* is a brilliant ant, having a blood-red thorax and legs, the occiput widely notched, and the scale of it is smaller than the two allied species. Mr. F. Smith endeavoured to establish a colony in his garden at Islington, which he transported safely from Bournemouth, but unhappily his intentions were frustrated by the common garden ant, *F. nigra*, who resented the trespass upon what

it doubtless considered its own rightful domain, and in strong force attacked and stormed *exsecta's* lilliputian castle, and took the whole garrison prisoners, forming a triumphal procession from the citadel to its subterranean stronghold, each warrior of *F. nigra* bearing in its mandibles a captive *exsecta*. Strange to say that not a single member of the captured garrison ever reappeared, and the inevitable conclusion drawn from the incident was, that the conquerors devoured their luckless prisoners.

THE LATE JOHN CURWEN.

THE name of Curwen has been for many years closely associated with the popular method of musical notation called Tonic Sol-fa. The Rev. John Curwen, who has recently passed away, was not the originator, but he was the promoter of the Sol-fa system, and in promoting it he improved it, and carried it out to such proportions that he gained for the method he adopted not only the adherence of the millions, but the respect and advocacy of musical critics of high standing. Of the Tonic Sol-fa method it may be said that he found it brick and left it marble.

It is not a little remarkable that the man who did all this was no professional musician nor himself much of a singer. He was an unpretentious Nonconformist minister, the son of a Nonconformist minister—the late Rev. Spedding Curwen, of Reading. In early years he took to following in his father's footsteps, and devoting himself to the ministry of the Gospel, he became a student of what was then known as Coward College, the alumni of which received their literary education at University College. At the close of his student course he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Basingstoke, whence he removed, after awhile, to Stowmarket, and subsequently to Plaistow, near London, where he ministered for many years, and was the means of erecting a new and handsome church. From the first he gave much care and thought to the young people of his congregation, and soon he became known as an effective preacher to children. His interest in Sunday and day schools led him to see the importance of teachers being trained for their work, and how desirable it was that children should be encouraged to sing. He prepared a work on the subject, and took other means of awakening the interest of teachers in his methods. The writer remembers his gathering a meeting of infant school teachers and others interested in the young in Crosby Hall, and expounding and illustrating to them his system of teaching the little ones to sing, a class of infant choristers being brought up from Plaistow for experiment. Several years before this he had paid a visit to Norwich to witness the working of the Tonic Sol-fa method, which had been originated by Miss Glover, of that city. That lady had at first conceived the idea of teaching musical notation to children by means of letters pasted over the white and black keys of the piano. This idea ere long wrought itself into her "Ladder of Tune," by which the eye was rendered familiar with an accurate pictorial representation of interval. A main feature in Miss Glover's method was the "moveable doh," or making *do* to represent the key-note, whatever it may be. Mr. Curwen became so struck with the simplicity and general applicability of this system,

that he resolved to adopt it, and promote its use in day and infant schools.

Before then singing in such schools was hardly known; but ere long, by his enthusiastic endeavours, he may be said to have set all the children of England singing. Thousands of homes among the middle and working classes have been made vocal with the beautiful little songs the children have carried home from school with them; and this may be traced very largely to the work of John Curwen. And the thing grew, till at length large classes of young people, under the leadership of trained teachers, were gathered in various parts of the metropolis, and in the towns and villages of the land. Nor was the fame of the movement limited to this country. When, in 1867, the leaders of the Paris International Exhibition offered a prize of £200 and a gold wreath for the best choir, the Tonic Sol-fa Association determined to send a party of singers under the direction of Mr. Proudman. Their success was so marked that, although technically excluded by the fact of their forming a mixed choir of ladies and gentlemen, the Empress of the French publicly presented them with a silver-gilt wreath of laurels, a special gold medal, and a diploma, their leader also receiving high honours.

This height was, of course, not reached without much thought and labour. Mr. Curwen produced works for the promotion of his system almost without number, and ultimately started a publishing house for their sale.

In 1853 the Tonic Sol-fa Association was founded, the qualification for membership being a certificate of musical proficiency. Every year since 1857 this association has given a concert at the Crystal Palace, in which some 3,000 children have sung before an audience of more than 30,000 people. A class of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses of National, British, and Endowed Schools was formed for the further extension of the system. A few years ago the Tonic Sol-fa College was instituted, chiefly by the aid of money that was presented to Mr. Curwen, with his portrait, as a testimonial for his abundant labours in promoting the movement.

The career of John Curwen shows in striking form what may be accomplished by one life when its energies are wisely and vigorously directed. Mr. Curwen was not a man of extraordinary parts. He never shone in the pulpit. But the "one thing" to which he gave himself he followed with a force of will and wise adaptation to ends which ensured continuous and increasing success. The idea he had taken up he never relaxed his hold of, but went on "pegging away," and succeeded at almost every step in arousing the enthusiasm of bands of co-workers all over the land, and far beyond it. For missionaries and mission teachers have introduced the practice of the Tonic Sol-fa into Madagascar, Cape Colony, Beyrout, Mount Lebanon, South Africa, Hong Kong, Bombay, Calcutta, Barbadoes, Fiji, St. Helena, Norfolk Island, Burmah, Chili, and other places; so that, like the Gospel itself, it has "gone to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Thus Mr. Curwen had his reward in being permitted to see his system fruitful in his own lifetime. In the midst of his high success he was called higher. He was on a visit to a friend near Manchester when the summons came, only a few months after he had closed the eyes of the beloved partner of his life, long an invalid, to whom his devotion was touchingly

tender. Mr. Curwen died on May 26th, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. His mortal remains were interred in the Ilford Cemetery, near to which he had resided. A large company assembled at the funeral, including representatives from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and various parts of England. As was most fitting, a marked portion of the ceremony was the singing by a choir of Sol-faists of two well-known hymns—"Servant of God, well done," and "Forward, Christian soldiers." J. B. F.

Varieties.

ADDISON'S HYMNS.

THE following appeared in a recent number of the "Athenaeum":—"When all Thy mercies." In No. ccccliii. of the "Spectator," published on Saturday August 9th, 1712, appeared a hymn in thirteen stanzas, which from that day to the present has always been attributed as an original composition to Addison himself, and wherever it has been printed in the various hymn-books of religious sects in England it has had his name appended to it. There are, however, a few words of introduction to the piece, as it appeared for the first time in the pages of the "Spectator," which might have led to a different conclusion: "I have already obliged the Publick with some Pieces of Divine Poetry which have fallen into my Hands, and as they have met with the Reception which they deserved, I shall from time to time communicate any Work of the same Nature which has not appeared in Print and may be acceptable to my Readers." Then follows the well-known hymn, beginning,

When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys,
Transported with the View, I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

Some time ago, however, having occasion to examine a manuscript volume of political, religious, and satirical pieces in prose and verse among the papers of John Ellis, Under-Secretary of State during the reign of Queen Anne, I came on an original letter, without date, addressed to John Ellis, and signed Richard Richmond, and the writer encloses as his own composition the above hymn, and founds thereon a plea for ferment in the Church. The letter runs as follows:—

For
The R^d Worshipfull
M^r Justice Ellis
In Pall Mall

Most Honoured S^r

Your Piety And Prudence Your Charity and Candor Engrave Your Name for Posterity: As well as the Present Age to Admire Therein Appropriate this Most Excellent Hymn Suitable S^r to Your Excellent Virtues. And hope it may prove A Motive for Your Honors Christian Benevolence To the Author in Adversity To Comfort the Sorrows in Life. Shall be Thankfull to Heaven And Your Worships Most Gracious hand
RICHARD RICHMOND

The hymn is headed "A Divine Hymn, In Praising The Almighty Jehova For the Manifold Mercies And Blessings Wee have Received." The author, Richard Richmond, seems to have been rector of the parish of Walton-on-the-Hill, co. Lancaster, from 1690 to 1720, and subsequently patron of the same living. He also, so far as I can make out, was grandfather of Richard Richmond, vicar of Walton, who is curiously described in Baine's "History and Antiquities of Lancashire" as Bishop of "Soda" in 1773. I suppose that Ellis on the receipt of the hymn handed it over to Addison to make what use of it he pleased.

EDWARD J. L. SCOTT.

THE TONIC SOL-FA.—"There was living at Norwich, about the year 1812, the daughter of an English clergyman, who, with her sister, was active in all kinds of philanthropic work. A young Sunday-school teacher came to her sister one day, wanting to learn enough of singing to be able to use his voice in church. His instructress set to work to play a tune to him repeatedly on the pianoforte, while he endeavoured to imitate with his voice

the sounds which the instrument gave forth. It soon occurred to Miss Glover, however—for this was the lady's name—that if she pasted letters over the keys of the pianoforte, and then wrote on a piece of paper the letters corresponding with those placed over the keys, in the order in which they needed to be touched to bring forth the tune, the youth might teach himself. So she chose the last twelve letters of the alphabet, and pasted them over the black and white keys. But O, P, Q, and the rest, looked barbarous, and the question came 'Why not place the old *Sol-fa* syllables beneath the pitch notes, and slide them up and down, following the key-note of each tune, after the genuine fashion of solmisation?' It was not long before *do, re, mi*, and the rest, were thus added, and then those who tried to pick up a tune in Miss Glover's way told her that they never looked at O, P, Q, finding all they needed in *do, re, mi*. She therefore discarded the letters, except when they were necessary, in the beginning of a tune, to tell where its pitch lay. All that was left was a *Sol-fa* Notation of Music. The thought of music, thus cleared from the mystery of sharps and flats, was in itself so fascinating that Miss Glover was led on with increasing interest. She began a series of experiments with the children of the City Charity School, the Norwich Union, and the parish school of Pukefield, in Suffolk. The work was not all encouraging, for musical people said that the attempt to teach music by a notation of letters was chimerical, while others thought that if children were taught to read music it would be pretty well over with their morals. But Miss Glover's patient perseverance conquered, and her work went on. She had received a thorough musical education, and had obtained from Dr. Marsh the idea of a family of keys—the principal major key with its relative minor, and their offspring, the key of the dominant with its relative minor, and that of the subdominant with its relative minor. On this idea her Ladder of Tune was founded. Her way of writing music was nothing more serious than the letters of the diagram already familiarised to the mind's eye, written down in horizontal lines."—*The Story of Tonic Sol-fa*, by John Spencer Curwen.

THE LATE W. H. KINGSTON.—In the "Echoes of the Week" of the "Illustrated London News" (Aug. 21) there appeared the following generous and genial tribute to the late Mr. Kingston, from the pen of George Augustus Sala: "That very entertaining and useful periodical, the 'Boy's Own Paper' has sustained a material loss in the recent death of one of its most valuable contributors, Mr. W. H. Kingston. He was the Alexander Dumas of juvenile English literature, and, I am told, wrote something like a hundred and twenty stories for boys; besides being a constant contributor to the magazines. In the early numbers of the 'Boy's Own Paper' Mr. Kingston wrote a capital story, in every way adapted to the taste of his youthful readers, called 'From Powder Monkey to Admiral.' Altogether Mr. Kingston's books (all of which had an honest and healthful tone) largely contributed (as did Charles Dibdin in his sea-songs and Marryat in his nautical novels) to perpetuate that love of maritime adventure and that patriotic spirit which had been first inculcated by Defoe. Men: 'Robinson Crusoe' must have been the means of sending tens of thousands of English lads to sea. I scarcely fancy Smollett's 'Roderick Random' sent many that way."

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL FINISHED AT LAST.—On a Saturday morning of August this year the long-expected ceremony of completing the Cologne cathedral took place. The last stone of the cross ornamenting the top of the pinnacle of the second of the two great spires of the cathedral of that city was finally fixed in its place. Begun on August 14, 1248, it has thus taken no less than six hundred and thirty-two years to complete the gigantic structure. After the main portion had been consecrated in 1322, but little progress was made for centuries. The ancient archbishops of the place, having many churches at their disposal, neglected the finest of them, deterred, as it were, by the transcendent grandeur of the design. Only after the cessation of ecclesiastical rule and the incorporation of the Rhenish territory with Prussia was the building taken in hand again. In 1817 King Frederick William the Third bestowed some money on the Cathedral Chapter to enable them to resume operations; in 1842 Frederick William IV., his son and successor, a religious man, revived the undertaking by a solemn inaugural festivity and the donation of a large sum. Since then the completion of the stately pile has been considered a concern of national import, equally dear to Catholics and Protestants, and to be promoted by all religious and political denominations alike. Donations began to flow in more

liberally, and after another building period of thirty-two years the great work stands perfect before us. The correspondent of the "Daily News," who witnessed the scene, says: "It is without doubt the largest and finest edifice in the Gothic style ever reared on German soil, and is amongst the most glorious specimens of the art to be found anywhere. As the last stone was placed, and the flags floated triumphantly on the twin towers, a thrill of enthusiasm pervaded ancient Cologne, and men were seen shaking hands and congratulating each other upon the termination of the marvellous fabric."

THE GROWTH OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—At the close of the last century there were only seven Protestant Missionary Societies, properly so called. To-day the seven have, in Europe and America alone, become seventy. At the beginning of the present century the number of male missionaries in the field, supported by those seven societies, together amounted to about 170, of whom about 100 were connected with the Moravians alone. To-day there are employed by the seventy societies about 2,400 ordained Europeans and Americans; hundreds of ordained native preachers (in the East Indies alone there are more than 1,600, and about as many in the South Seas); upwards of 23,000 native assistants, catechists, evangelists, teachers; exclusive of the countless female missionary agents, private missionaries, lay helpers, colporteurs of the Bible societies in heathen lands, and the thousands of voluntary unpaid Sunday school teachers. Eighty years ago, if I may venture an estimate, there were about 50,000 heathen converts under the care of the Protestants. To-day the total number of converts from heathenism in our Protestant Mission stations may be estimated certainly at no less than 1,650,000; and the year 1878 shows an increase of about 60,000 souls—a number greater than the gross total at the beginning of the century. Eighty years ago the total sum contributed for Protestant Missions hardly amounted to £50,000; now the amount raised for this object is from £1,200,000 to £1,250,000 (about five times as much as that of the whole Romish propaganda), of which England contributes £700,000, America £300,000, Germany and Switzerland from £100,000 to £150,000. Eighty years ago the number of Protestant Missionary Schools cannot have exceeded seventy; to-day, according to reliable statistics, it amounts to 12,000, with far beyond 400,000 scholars, and among these are hundreds of native candidates for the ministry, receiving instruction in some of the many high schools and theological seminaries. At the beginning of the present century the Scriptures existed in some fifty translations, and were circulated in certainly not more than five millions of copies. Since 1804—i.e., since the founding of the British and Foreign Bible Society—new translations of the Bible, or of its more important parts, have been accomplished in at least 226 languages and dialects. There are translations of all the Scriptures into 55, of the New Testament into 84, of particular parts into 87 languages; and now the circulation of the Scriptures, in whole or part, has amounted to 148 millions of copies.—*The Foreign Missions of Protestantism*. By Dr. Christlieb, Professor of Theology in the Bonn University.

SUN-DIAL MOTTOES.—The dial on the western pier at Brighton has happily-chosen mottoes. On the south, "Horas non numero nisi serenas;" on the west, "Docet umbra;" on the east, "Sine umbra nihil;" on the north, "Hinc disce." On the upper part of the dial-plate is a line from R. H. Horne's poem, "Orion," "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.—It may be taken as an almost invariable rule that with every editor the supply of copy greatly exceeds his demand, and the first essential qualification for the chair which he occupies is that, with rapid and unerring judgment, he should select from the huge masses of MSS. those contributions which are not only distinguished by their excellence, but by their fitness, for the journal which he conducts.

BEE-KEEPING IN PARIS.—There are not a few professional bee-keepers in Paris. One of them in the 19th Arrondissement keeps from 800 to 900 hives. In the 13th Arrondissement, near the Goods Station at Ivry, there are many. The industry is no doubt very profitable to the owners, but sometimes a nuisance and injury to others. For instance, at the Say Sugar Refinery the loss annually is estimated at 25,000 francs. A large jar of syrup will be emptied in a couple of hours, though bushels of bees are destroyed. The men, who work stripped to the waist, are often seriously injured when attacked by many bees.

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